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The Shape of Things

WE MAY AS WELL FACE THE FACT THAT decent American citizens can no longer rely on the laws against libel and slander to protect them from wanton attack. Last week scores of names were added to the scandalous list of examples of how we have all become sitting ducks for any craven politician who may choose to blast our reputations with no risk to his own hide. Most of them were targets of the unspeakable Tenney committee referred to elsewhere in these columns. Others were smeared as a by-product of the trial of Judith Coplon for removing government documents from the files. Judge Reeves, who presided at that trial, was no doubt protecting the rights of the defendant when he ordered the United States Attorney to present in open court the FBI reports which formed the basis for the "data slips" allegedly turned over by Miss Coplon to a Russian agent. But aside from the question of whether or not the court might have kept confidential the names involved in these documents, there is no doubt that some of the reports themselves were outrageous. A good example was the one that named Fredric March and Helen Hayes for having appeared during the war at a Madison Square Garden rally to raise money for Russian relief. Among those mentioned was Melvyn Douglas, who like others happens to be more than merely non-Communist; he is actively and vocally anti-Communist, and as far as we know, always has been. Gordon R. Clapp, chairman of the TVA, suffered a similar outrage at the hands of the army, which subsequently backed down when an outcry was raised but after much damage had been done. It is idle to point out that the incorrigibly stupid officials who perpetrate these offenses play into the hands of the Communists, who want nothing more than to be confused with genuine liberals. The fact is that some of these petty politicians virtually live by exploiting the fear of communism, whatever may happen to democracy in the process. There is only one word to describe them. They are subversive.

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A LAST EFFORT TO GET THROUGH CONGRESS a substitute for the Taft-Hartley act that would be acceptable to labor has been endangered by the coal stoppage ordered by John L. Lewis. The new bill would restore the Wagner act with modifications, accepted by both the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O., which would do no real harm to organized labor. Among them are the requirement of anti-Communist affidavits from union officials, provided employers are also required to sign them; publication of union financial records, which most unions do anyhow; and extending to organized workers the obligation, originally placed only on employers, to bargain in good faith. The new version does do away with the most objectionable features of Taft-Hartley, such as the banning of the closed shop. It makes no reference to the use of the injunction against strikes endangering the public interest. Lewis assailed Green and Murray for accepting the mild restraints of this bill and immediately proceeded to make Congressional insistence on a more drastic one more likely by ordering out the miners while in the midst of negotiations about a new contract. It might be persuasively argued that the Taft-Hartley act could never have been passed in the first place if Lewis had not had such a talent for enraging voters and legislators; it would be a pity if now the duty of enacting sensible legislation about collective bargaining were again to degenerate into a duel between Congress and a single intractable union official. Lewis repeatedly shows by word and deed that he feels no responsibility except to achieve the greatest possible advances for his miners no matter what the consequences to others.

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THE MINERS HAVE DONE WELL UNDER Lewis's leadership during the past few years, but the "fourth round" may not be so successful. Miners' full-time wages—if one ignores the losses in strikes and fines incident to achieving them—are higher than the pay of most college teachers and are at the top of the list for manual workers; miners now have pensions, too. But coal is an uncertain and fluctuating industry; Mr. Lewis's success is attributable to wringing the last possible advantage out of war shortages, at whatever danger to the national interest. Now the stocks of coal above ground have grown to ample proportions, and the recession is cutting into demand. During the 1920's Mr. Lewis had to deal with a continual coal surplus, and his combined inflexibility and poor judgment, in the presence of bitterly hostile forces, nearly destroyed his union. The pity of it is that other great unions, like those in

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steel and automobiles and elsewhere, which in their "fourth rounds" are seeking some of the same gains already won by the miners, will also meet greater resistance and will be weakened by the mounting unemployment. Unions in the heavily hit textile industry have even been compelled to abandon their demands. It is extremely unlikely that substantial wage increases can now be obtained, since slackening markets will lead employers to regard shut-downs caused by strikes with some equanimity. They may even welcome this means of placing upon labor the responsibility for a decrease in production which would have occurred in any case through the faulty operation of the "free enterprise system." However, even if the labor movement as a whole does no better than hold its own during a recession, it is likely to gain in the end through whatever reduction of prices occurs. The immediate losses of employment are serious, but in the past real wages have made appreciable gains through the maintenance of wage rates while prices were falling.

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IN GREECE THE GUERRILLAS ANNOUNCED last week-end that they had seized the entire Grammos mountain area and inflicted a "major disaster" on the Greek army. Though a delayed comment from the Greek General Staff disputed the guerrillas' claim, minimizing the importance of the battle, it is at least evident that the government's new offensive, announced at the end of May with much fanfare, is having no greater success than its "final" offensive of last summer. This was easy to foresee, and in Mr. del Vayo's article two weeks ago our readers were warned against a new attempt by the corrupt Athens government to stage a show for the benefit of the American people. The fact is, as we have said many times, the Greek problem cannot be solved by military means, if only because the Athens government is more interested in continuing to get American dollars to fight communism than in defeating the Communist-led guerrillas. The only solution lies in the diplomatic field, and we renew our support of the proposal of Mr. Sofianopoulos, former Greek Foreign Minister, that the issue be settled by the great powers, preferably under the aegis of the United Nations.

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VASO L. CHUCOVICH, BORN IN RISAN, Yugoslavia, came to this country as an immigrant and amassed a sizable fortune. When he died in Colorado, some years ago, his estate was appraised at $1,300,562. According to the terms of his will, Chucovich provided that a major portion of his estate should be devoted to charities in his native Risan, including a $300,000 bequest for a hospital. Two representatives of Tito's government have been in this country recently seeking to have the estate liquidated and the funds released for their

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intended use in Yugoslavia. But Judge C. Edgar Kettering, of the Denver probate court, has ruled that the funds cannot be used, despite the clear provisions of the will, so long as Yugoslavia is "Communist-dominated." This interesting legal dictum will not, we suspect, be upheld in the higher courts. Meanwhile, however, Chucovich's fellow townsmen will have to wait for their hospital, unless the people of Yugoslavia adopt a form of government that meets with the approval of Judge Kettering of Denver, Colorado.

The Paris Conference

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE dreary atmosphere of the conference at Paris may have been broken by this week's end by one of those last-minute proposals for which the Russians much more than the Westerners are noted. If not, we can expect that the Foreign Ministers will adjourn, without serious agreement but without break, leaving the world to speculate on the purpose of the whole thing. From way back last summer it was assumed that the Russian blockade of Berlin was in reality intended to force the Western powers to a showdown on Germany. Agreement on currency and other local issues were to lead to a settlement of the German question as a whole; and the Russians consistently plugged the theme of German unity as against the "splitting tactics" of the powers engaged in fabricating a tri-zonal western state. Russia's offer to lift the blockade on the sole condition that the Council of Foreign Ministers should promptly be convened was naturally taken as a final effort, before the West German state was actually called into being and the Atlantic Pact passed by the Senate, to embarrass the Allied authorities with a new and more persuasive plan for a united Germany. This assumption was based on Moscow's political defeats in the West and on its economic difficulties, which were known to be reflected in the whole satellite area.

The theory made sense; and when the Foreign Ministers met, the studied good humor of Mr. Vishinsky encouraged the expectation of some comprehensive proposals. Even those who, like this writer, had been unable to find any reasoned grounds to hope for a German settlement looked forward to limited agreements on the control of Berlin and on revived trade between the Soviet and western zones. And these may yet be achieved in the final days of a session which for three weeks has been given over to endless debates about the use of the veto in a reanimated Berlin Kommandatur and the continued obstacles to communication and trade in Berlin. But as the talks dragged on, the problem of Germany all but dropped out of sight; and it became evident that nobody really wanted German unity or an over-all German settlement of any sort.

When Vishinsky finally came up with his proposal that the powers prepare drafts of a peace treaty to be submitted in three months to a new meeting of the Council, it was easily shrugged off as propaganda. How could anyone imagine that agreement could be reached on Germany as a whole when no progress had been made toward an agreement about Berlin; when the Council's one triumph had been an order to the military commanders in Berlin to settle the differences—including the railway strike—which in effect had imposed a new blockade on traffic between zones in and out of the city? Vishinsky's move may have been intended as propaganda directed toward Germany; but if so, it was an unconvincing gesture after weeks of arguing that four-power controls should be reestablished. If it was intended as a serious step toward peace, it was even less adequate. On the other hand, it is unfortunate that the only answer the Western powers could manage was a brusque brush-off. Again, as so often in the past, they failed to counter with a constructive plan, offering terms which would persuade the world of their desire for peace. The very weakness of the Vishinsky proposal gave them that opportunity; that they failed to take it showed that they have as little real interest as the Russians in settling the central issue dividing Europe.

Last week Alexander Werth suggested in these pages that hope of trade rather than hope of peace was Russia's chief motive in seeking the conference. He stressed the bad economic straits in which the other Eastern countries now find themselves and referred to the dissatisfaction of various Polish leaders with whom he had talked. Recent newspaper dispatches bear out this report. Important communist officials in both Czechoslovakia and Poland are said to be strongly opposed to the continued economic isolation of their countries. Their obvious target is the State Department policy which has withheld from Eastern Europe much-needed machinery from the United States and from the E. R. P. countries as well. But it was Molotov who quit the Marshall Plan conference at Paris and prevented the other Eastern states from joining, and however earnestly their leaders may denounce the E. R. P. as a weapon of war and imperialism, they can not but recognize, in their own economic indices, the failure of the "Molotov Plan" to compensate for the loss of Western dollars and trade.

Perhaps, before this issue appears, Vishinsky will come up with a workable plan to ease trade restrictions both ways. If so, the conference can be counted a success, as successes go these days. For a step in the direction of closer economic relations would mean more than a proclamation of general agreement with nothing solid behind it. Increased trade between East and West is almost as important to one as to the other. The economic iron curtain, fixed in place by both Russia and the United States, is fast ruining Europe. If the East has come to

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realize this sooner and more sharply than the West, Washington may regard that as a victory, but it is not such a solid victory as to justify rejecting overtures for mutual concessions. For if our own economic slump deepens, Europe's dependence upon American help will spell the undoing of whatever has been accomplished through the Marshall Plan, along with anything that may later be undertaken under the Atlantic Pact.

In his speech the other day to his comrades of the Thirty-fifth Division Association, Mr. Truman insisted strongly upon the need of appropriating the full sum required for E. R. P. He was of course right. To skimp now on our obligations to the Marshall Plan countries would be both a breach of faith and an act of total irresponsibility. But E. R. P. is not a substitute for revived trade with Eastern Europe; revived trade is a prerequisite for the success of E. R. P. If Russia has discovered that the economic cold war is not paying off in its part of the world, we should welcome an admission of the fact, however camouflaged. And we should hasten to end that war on reasonable terms, for it is also not paying off for us and our allies.

The Educators and the Communists

WHATEVER else is included in the fifty-four page report of the Educational Policies Commission, we suspect it will mean one thing only to the country at large: that a group of outstanding educators headed by General Eisenhower and Dr. James B. Conant has come out against the employment of Communists as teachers.

Actually, the commission, appointed jointly by the National Education Association and the American Association of School Administrators, has made a number of highly commendable findings. It suggests in its report, entitled "American Education and International Tensions," that American students should be given "accurate and objective" instruction in the "principles and practices of totalitarianism, including those represented by the Soviet Union and by the Communist Party." While it favors the exposure of subversive activities, it says that "we must at the same time curb reactionary forces which would use anti-Communist sentiment as a club to threaten every effort to improve society." More specifically, it condemns the loose and easy resort to name-calling and even suggests that "in the years just ahead it will not be easy to teach the necessity of responsible action in the field of diplomacy" or the fact that it is "deeply patriotic to attempt to protect one's country from the calamities of war." To all of which we say amen.

Concerning Communist teachers, however, we feel that the commission failed to think the problem through, although it makes a strong case for its contention that a Communist is a bad teacher solely by virtue of his membership in the party. Such membership it says, "involves adherence to doctrines and disciplines completely inconsistent with the principles of freedom on which American education depends." (So does membership in certain other organizations we can think of.) More important, "it is because members of the Communist Party are required to surrender the right to think for themselves, as a consequence of becoming part of a movement characterized by conspiracy and deceit, that they should be excluded from employment as teachers." Even if one accepts both characterization and conclusion, one has only lifted the lid of the problem, only caught a glimpse of the dilemma. The commission might have made a major contribution if it had set itself two further questions: What should be done? And does the proposed remedy open the way to an evil worse than taking no action at all?

In the absence of any warning to the contrary, it will undoubtedly be assumed that the commission favors the active elimination of Communists from the schools. If the commission knows of any way in which this can be done effectively and yet without the grossest injustices, preserving throughout the process that spirit of free inquiry which it advocates, surely it should come forward and state it. A non-Communist oath means little or nothing. A party member will either take such an oath or, what is more likely, formally withdraw from the party for the purpose of avoiding a technical perjury.

What then? Are we to extend the oath to embrace the whole field of political belief, thereby penalizing teachers not for surrendering themselves to the discipline of the party, as the commission suggests, but for their very thoughts? Or is the commission giving a green light to the trial of teachers by shoddy politicians who neither can nor care to distinguish between a Communist and a New Deal Democrat? To appreciate what this means one has only to look at the work of the abominable Tenney committee in California, which now publicly brands citizens for having "followed or appeased some of the Communist party-line program over a long period of time."

It is for the conscience of the commission to weigh the presence of a sprinkling of Communists on the faculties of the schools against having them drowned out in a tidal wave of reaction. With the Broyles committee plaguing the schools of Illinois, the Tenney committee in California and its counterpart in the state of Washington, and the Feinberg law in New York, the wave has already reached terrifying proportions. In Nebraska the University Board of Regents has even put up the bars against teachers who at any time in the past "associated with" so-called subversive groups. In the circumstances

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we find it hard to believe many teachers will openly support the commission's wistful recommendation that American democracy should be improved by "amelioration of economic injustice, psychological insecurity, racial discrimination, substandard housing." Some of that happens also to be part of the avowed Communist program, which Mr. Tenney says must never be "followed or appeased."

Cripps Carries the Day

BY DAVID C. WILLIAMS

Blackpool, June 10

SOLIDARITY, which is the strength of the British Labor Party, was much in evidence at the recent annual conference. Now fifty years old, the movement has grown like a great family, and still thinks of itself as one. This was shown in all sorts of ways, from Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee's annual appearance on the dance floor to Ernest Bevin's heartfelt "age takes its toll," as he finished his—perhaps final—address. It was nowhere more evident than in the manner of the expulsion of Konni Zilliacus. Delegates feel, and they have shown it over and over again, that he is dead wrong. But two million votes were cast to give him an opportunity to present his case to the conference. Once that was defeated, supporters and opponents of Zilliacus vied with each other in tributes to his personal qualities, disagreeing only on his policy and the manner in which he has campaigned on its behalf. In the end 700,000 votes were cast against expulsion, compared with a maximum of 300,000—in a conference representing a voting strength of 5,000,000—which actually favor Zilliacus's policies. On his part, he promised to go forward as "a fellow-traveler of the Labor Party." Labor Party loyalists felt that the conference was a triumph for Ernest Bevin. At last the steady, quiet work of four years was beginning to show results. Bevin listed them all in one of his massive surveys of the world, from China to Rio de Janeiro, Dunkirk, the Anglo-French treaty, the Brussels Pact, O. E. E. C., and finally, as a grand climax, the North Atlantic Pact; there was a standing ovation when he had finished. It was left for Hugh Dalton, winding up the foreign-affairs debate after Bevin had left for Paris, to make the first reference to Israel.

Aneurin Bevan went from one triumph to another. Two public meetings were held on the Sunday before the conference: the one addressed by Bevan was jam-packed; the other, with Morrison as the star turn, was half empty. Bevan topped the elections to the executive. His principal address to the conference, recalling and emphasizing the moral and religious traditions of British socialism, roused the delegates to a quite un-British hysteria of enthusiasm.

The Celtic warmth which emanated from the Welshman Bevan was sorely needed to comfort the delegates as they shivered under the cold blasts of Crippsian logic. One delegate after another came to the rostrum to urge some mercy in the Chancellor's policy—tax reductions, wage boosts, and the like. His prepared speech ignored the discussion altogether and set the course straight for continued austerity. Cripps was right, of course, in pointing out that the people are not so badly off as they think. Wages have in the past year advanced slightly more than the cost-of-living index. In addition, the worker and his family have also in the past year enjoyed the benefits of free national health service and a vastly expanded social-security program—things not reflected by the cost-of-living index. Nevertheless, the workers naturally want to improve their meager living standards still further, and there has been widespread discontent, erupting here and there in "wildcat" strikes like the current ones on the docks and railroads. Here Aneurin Bevan came to the aid of Cripps. He had stern words for some workers and some leaders of the workers:

> It is necessary to tell some of our people in industry that they are beginning to lose heart and that some of them appear to have achieved material prosperity in excess of their moral stature. Some of them have got what they have got too easily, and they are in danger of throwing away by a few months of dissipating anarchy what we have spent our lifetime in building up. We shall keep faith with the people, but the people must keep faith with us. In the next six months or a year there must be less grumbling and more pride, more dignity and satisfaction with what we have done, and more determination to go on.

The delegates were not accustomed to hearing such words from the fire-eating rebel Bevan, but—with a few exceptions—they took them in good part. Indeed, many felt that he was growing rapidly in responsibility and freely talked of him, not as "the next Prime Minister but one," but as the coming leader of the country.

DAVID C. WILLIAMS, director of the London bureau of the Union for Democratic Action, discussed the Labor Party's program for the next general election in The Nation *of April 30. In another article, to appear soon, he will describe the hotly debated national health service.*

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Responsibility is now a quality highly prized in the Labor Party. Its absence is strongly felt in a trade-union leader like J. B. Figgins of the Railway Workers, who served the conference with what sounded like a virtual ultimatum. Demanding for the railwaymen "a real share" in the running of nationalized railways, he shouted, "We are going to fight and we are going to win." Sir Will Lawther, head of the Trades Union Congress and the Miners' Union, rebuked him sharply. Referring to the wave of "wildcat" strikes in the mines and on the railways, he said, "The conduct of some of our own people and some of Mr. Figgins's in recent months is a far greater help to the Conservatives than all Lord Woolton's millions." Privately delegates grumbled that Mr. Figgins's year-long agitation was largely responsible for what discontent there was on the railways—the same discontent to which he now proudly pointed as evidence that railwaymen must have higher wages and "a real share" in control. In the frigid reception of old-style agitators like Figgins and in the settling down of people like Bevan to the great tasks of state, one can see at work that strong self-discipline which is the leading feature of the Labor Party. There is in Britain's Labor Party discipline of a sort that does not exist in the United States.

The three great wings of the movement—the Labor Party, the Trades Union Congress, and the Consumers' Cooperative societies—stand together and move forward together. Reverses like those in recent local elections tend to unite them; attacks from Conservatives and Communists, both directed at splitting the movement, make it all the more determined to present a united front. Unity and determination will be needed in the coming months. Even in the sunshine and sea air of Blackpool the delegates could not ignore the storms ahead. The export drive, on which Britain depends for the food and raw materials to keep its island economy going, is beginning to falter. The American recession gravely threatens Britain's fragile recovery. The Foreign Ministers at Paris are deadlocked, and defense preparations drain away the men, money, and materials so badly needed for recovery. "We have reached a very tough spot in our journey," Stafford Cripps warned the delegates, "and the economic barometer is certainly not rising." It was the realization of this that moved the conference to accept, by an overwhelming show of hands and without even a roll-call vote, the rigid policies which the Chancellor is putting into effect.

A record-breaking number of American visitors were present. After listening to days of thoughtful debate of the Labor Party's platform and of the problems of the country and party, many came away impressed with the need for American party conventions to deal as soberly and responsibly with the issues of the hour.

Ulcers and History

BY BURNET HERSHEY

WHATEVER it was that killed James Forrestal, it has been given a lot of fancy names, including "murder by the wanton blackguardism and mendacity of columnists." The President described him as a "war casualty," and the Bethesda Naval Hospital doctors said he had "operational fatigue." In any case the Defense Secretary's tragic death has brought under scrutiny, with some dramatic urgency, the problem of the ailing statesman in office, the risks created by his illness for his country and the world. Since the Forrestal affair the failing health of top-level government officials has become the vital concern of a lot of people besides their relatives. And for every political or military leader whose illness is reported in the press, there are half a dozen others who conceal their ailments.

"The secret malady of a statesman can be as disastrous as his secret diplomacy." This attempt at an epigram was improvised by a Congressman who went on to say that no man who makes policy, who issues directives that affect the average citizen's destiny, should look upon public inquisitiveness about his ulcers or his arteries as an invasion of his privacy. The Congressman could have drawn upon the medical histories of two war-time Presidents—Wilson and Roosevelt—to point up the need for wider public recognition of "operational fatigue" in high office as a dangerous disease. It will not be surprising, therefore, if someone in Washington soon comes up with a concrete recommendation for creating a permanent council of physicians—specialists in diagnosis, with emphasis on geriatrics—to keep an eye on our overworked and distraught statesmen. Those who advocate such a council believe that its work would ultimately be reflected in a safer and saner world. It would mark the end of the "my-health-is-my-own-business" attitude of men holding responsible public trusts.

At a recent Overseas Press Club dinner in New York General George C. Marshall declared: "Ulcers have had a strange effect upon the history of our times. In Washington I had to contend with, among other things, the

BURNET HERSHEY is a veteran foreign correspondent and the author of numerous books, plays, and articles.

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ulcers of Bedell Smith in Moscow and the ulcers of Bob Lovett and Dean Acheson in Washington." The former Secretary of State could easily have mentioned a dozen other public figures suffering from ulcers, hypertension, cardiac conditions, fixation of ideas, while they fight the cold war at home and abroad. He might also have referred to his own recent serious operation.

HYPERTENSION is the Great Man's disease of 1949, as it is of many lesser people. What does it mean? And what can be done about it? Doctors treating people past fifty always look for one of the four major groups of chronic and progressive disorders of senescence—arthritis, circulatory and renal diseases, metabolic and cardiac troubles, and neoplastic diseases or cancer. The Great Man sits in the doctor's office and anxiously awaits the verdict.

"I'm afraid you're going to have to give up the battle," the physician says.

"But, Doctor, I *can't!* We're in the midst of the most critical period in the world's history."

"The world's history has always been critical," says the wise doctor. "You must relax, get out of the front line. You are expendable."

"Just what is it I've got?" the patient asks.

Now it's the doctor's turn to worry. The Great Man *has* it, yes, but what precisely is it he has? James Forrestal had it, Ernest Bevin has it, Stalin has it, the French and Italian leaders have it. But what is it, this international ailment that so often strikes suddenly at the life machine of men over fifty? Medical literature abounds with names for it—hypertension, anxiety neurosis, nervous stomach; and with it comes that group of more frightening diseases—nervous heart, high blood pressure, and finally the cardiac killers, angina pectoris and coronary thrombosis.

Last fall fifty doctors of internal medicine, from nineteen countries, met in Basel, Switzerland, for the purpose of setting up an international association for the exchange of information on the treatment of internal diseases. At that precise moment a large number of public men, many suffering from the very diseases which concerned the doctors, were meeting in Paris as delegates to the United Nations Assembly. Recently there was another and larger gathering of five hundred surgeons, from thirty-two countries, at Rhône, France. Among them were consultants who had diagnosed the illnesses of many government leaders. The result of this meeting of eminent surgeons was a report that "worry and fear" were producing ulcers that were doing irreparable damage to a group of men badly needed for the reconstruction of the world. One doctor used the phrase "acid rush" to describe the effect on the cells of the stomach of the frustration of the desire for peace.

Dr. Harry Gauss, an eminent physician specializing in stomach ulcers, has written: "It has been well established that the emotions of fear, worry, anxiety, and resentment alter the normal secretion of the stomach, resulting in engorgement, increased activity, and hyperacidity. These are the very psychic impulses transmitted to the stomach by the vagus nerve, often called the 'worry nerve.' " He discussed cutting this "worry nerve" to relieve the stomach of the pernicious reflex irritation instrumental in bringing on peptic ulcer. Dr. Dragstedt of the University of Chicago has actually devised such an operation, which he calls "vagotomy."

Specialists in psychosomatic medicine debate the issue of cause and effect. Does the stomach trouble cause bitterness and acrimony? Or does the acrimony produce the stomach trouble? One famous specialist, Dr. Alonzo Clark of New York, has said that we must never eat when we are angered or when we are tired, because at these times there is no digestion in the stomach.

I am told by an American diplomat that at the French government's state banquet to the participants in the Paris conference, the Big Four delegates hardly touched the food placed before them. This one was "off" coffee; that one couldn't smoke; pills were taken in place of cocktails; and always the chorus, "nothing fried." The atmosphere was charged with frustration, failure, and a nervous anticipation of the morrow.

What has caused this withdrawal of successful, prosperous men from the pleasures of the table; what has transformed them from bon vivants to addicts of soda mints, digitalis, and saccharine? Doctors say it is the tense atmosphere in which they live, with the war of nerves liable at any moment to turn into plain war.

THE United States has had heavy casualties in recent years. To mention a few of the men, besides General Marshall, who have been put *hors de combat*: Senator Austin, chief United States delegate to the U. N., went straight from the Security Council to the Naval Hospital of Bethesda, Maryland, but is now back on the job. Herschel Johnson, also on the Security Council, collapsed with a heart attack during one of the sessions and had to be carried out. General Bedell Smith, our former ambassador to Russia, went from Moscow to the Mayo Clinic with the stomach ailment which General Marshall referred to. General Clay, before his retirement, found that his duties in Germany were producing the occupational disease that usually begins as a "gastric disorder." The same trouble drove General Eisenhower from his post at Columbia to Key West, via Bethesda, last winter. During President Truman's first term four of the ranking men in the State Department were knocked out by one or another form of "operational fatigue": Secretaries Hull, Stettinius, and Byrnes and Under Secretary Sumner Welles were stricken with ailments which stemmed from the pressures of the job. The list of Cab-

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inet officers and Congressional leaders who suffered illnesses similarly induced is too long for this space. It is a disturbing record. Many others are carrying on with untiring self-sacrifice, their medical cards locked in their doctors' filing cabinets; the public will become aware of their condition only when they crack.

BUT European leaders are also afflicted with disorders of psychosomatic origin. Ernest Bevin, British Foreign Secretary, is said to suffer from a tired heart and high blood pressure; Andrei Y. Vishinsky, Russian Foreign Minister, has been unable to get rid of a duodenal ulcer. When these two face each other across the conference table, observers note a remarkable resemblance in their emotional reactions. Both men pour a good supply of venom into their speeches. Bevin is a forceful, humorless, almost arrogant negotiator, an attitude derived from his thirty years of battling management as a trade-union leader. Vishinsky has a gift for corrosive phrase-making unsurpassed in the history of diplomacy. Although both men have passed their lives in controversy, each new encounter has an effect on their health.

Bevin has frequently taken to his bed after one of the Big Four meetings. He is the only delegate at Paris unable to negotiate the pink-marble staircase leading to the conference chamber on the first floor. He goes up in a small service elevator in the rear of the palace. In August, 1946, after an impassioned speech attacking the Conservatives in Parliament, he was taken home in a state of virtual collapse. In February, a year later, he had to sign the Italian peace treaty in London because he was too ill to travel to Paris for the formal ceremony. At that time his blood pressure reached an alarming point. A heart attack followed, and when he was asked by a friend how he felt, he said, "I feel worse than I look." Before he came to Washington for the signing of the Atlantic Pact, British papers carried reports of a new heart attack which members of the Foreign Office were forbidden to discuss. Harley Street specialists, observing his cardiovascular system under psychic stress, concluded that he had experienced an initial coronary seizure, probably the first of a series which might or might not prove fatal. To all inquiries concerning the Foreign Secretary's state of health there is now a stock answer: Mr. Bevin is feeling "much better."

If a doctor searched for the underlying causes of Bevin's failing health, he would find an astonishing list of infractions of the rules for keeping well after middle age. For years he has had the typical John Bull girth. In his work he drives himself and everyone around him to the nervous-breakdown stage. One of his assistants once said, "Days and time make no difference to my Minister. He has half-hourly appointments throughout the day, every day in the week." A quip often heard in the corridors of Whitehall is, "Life is grim, life is Ernest."

Clement Attlee has been under medical care for years. For a long time he did his work in bed. Last September it was finally decided to make public—in a bulletin signed by five doctors—the fact that the Prime Minister was suffering from a "duodenal ulcer" and would require dietary treatment for some weeks. The doctors said he would be fit "to carry out ordinary duties" but should restrict his engagements to a minimum. Previously he had been in a hospital suffering from "eczema of the feet." This condition had subsided, but the ulcer persisted. Both the eczema condition and the duodenal ulcer were attributed to "nerves."

The French statesmen who guide the destinies of their sick country are themselves sick men. M. Queuille, the Premier, and Robert Schuman, the Foreign Minister, spent some time in German concentration camps, with injury to their respiratory systems. They also have stomach ailments, though not necessarily peptic ulcers. The printed reports of their troubles cover a wide range of internal disturbances which in the middle-aged and those moving swiftly past it are part of the general reaction to anxiety, frustration, and strain.

The Russians have also suffered casualties. Vishinsky's stomach ulcer was mentioned above. In a search for a history of Stalin's ailments I found forty separate news bulletins on the Russian dictator's heart attacks in the past five years. These forty reports probably mean that Stalin has had at least four or five authentic attacks. They also lend validity to the rumor that Stalin's doctors forbid him to travel long distances by sea or air, even for a meeting with President Truman. Molotov is a teetotaler and a vegetarian, but he too has an affliction—insomnia. Andrei Gromyko, the dynamic chief of the Russian delegation to the Security Council, was told on his return from Russia that he had aged greatly.

Though the sixty-nine-year-old Premier de Gasperi of Italy can still fence brilliantly with his Communist adversaries, he is suffering from that most mysterious and distressing of diseases, arthritis. And last year, when Italy was going through a critical election period, he took to his bed with a gastric disorder, "hyperacidity and engorgement." Those who know the lean, nervous, and emotional Premier intimately say that his failing health is chiefly due to emotional tension, and this is easy to believe when one considers the political state of Italy.

The number of secondary diplomats in the Foreign Offices and at the U. N. who are on the sick list shows that there is plenty of grief in a great many less important stomachs. And no wonder! The same arguments, the same insults, the same defeats are given and received in the subcommittee rooms.

As we watch these statesmen, high and low, elegant in their striped trousers but pale, tense, edgy, we ask the disquieting question: "Is the fate of the world—*our* fate—in the hands of sick men?"

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Del Vayo—A Treaty for Austria?

FOR a long time the fate of Austria has depended on whether the Big Four could reach an agreement on other issues that divide them—issues that have nothing directly to do with Austria. The Austrian people, therefore, are anxiously following the conversations on Germany now being held in Paris. They hope to derive some profit from the meeting of the Foreign Ministers whatever its outcome: an agreement on Germany might create a favorable atmosphere for settling the Austrian question; on the other hand, if the powers find themselves hopelessly at odds on Berlin, they may try to keep the Paris conference from being a complete fiasco by producing at least a solution for Austria.

Last February representatives of the Big Four met at Lancaster House in London to resume the negotiations on Austria which had broken down the previous May. The earlier conference had arrived at an impasse on two issues—the amount of reparations to be paid to Russia and the Yugoslav claim to parts of Carinthia inhabited by a Slovene minority. On the request of the Austrians a new attempt was made in London to work out the *Staatsvertrag* for which they have been sighing since the end of the war.

At the start the Austrian Foreign Minister, Dr. Gruber, was under the illusion that the existing tension between Yugoslavia and the Cominform might induce Russia to cease underwriting Belgrade's aspirations. In the earlier discussions estimates as to the size of the Slovene minority in Carinthia had differed greatly, the Yugoslavs insisting that it was as large as 150,000 and the Austrians that it did not exceed 36,000. On the basis of current reports Dr. Gruber hoped that Russia would abandon the Yugoslavs, using the pretext that the great powers had promised to leave the Austrian frontiers as they were in 1937. But once again Allied expectations that ideological differences between Belgrade and Moscow would be carried over into international relations were shown to have no foundation. At Lancaster House, just as in the meetings of the United Nations, Russians and Yugoslavs voted together on every question. The Soviet spokesman, Mr. Zaroubine, supported Belgrade's stand on the Austrian treaty even more vigorously than the Yugoslav representative himself. Indeed, on various occasions Yugoslavia's very intelligent deputy Foreign Minister, Mr. Bebler, displayed a real spirit of conciliation, although in a recent statement he took a more rigid stand.

The other obstacle was Russia's demand for reparations and for an important share in the oil wells of Zistersdorf, which the Soviets include among "German assets" in Austria. The Russians set $150,000,000 as the redemption price of the German properties; the Western Allies were not disposed to go higher than $120,000,000. Dr. Gruber maintained the occupation costs were so great that if Austria assumed new financial obligations it would be reduced to the same kind of precarious existence as after the First World War and would run the risk of again being annexed by a great power. The Austrian Foreign Minister put the cost of the occupation up to the present at $500,000,000, a figure which explains why all Austrians today are agreed on one point, if only one—they want to get rid of not this or that occupying power but of all four.

After three months of discussions in London the Deputy Foreign Ministers suspended their labors on May 10, agreeing to meet again "not later than June 25." Although it was never specifically stated, it was understood that they hoped the Foreign Ministers in their Paris talks might find the solution of the Austrian question which eluded their deputies. If a treaty does not emerge from the Paris conference, Vienna intends to demand that the occupation be ended while the discussions are still going on.

Once Austria is free of the worries of the occupation and its future is guaranteed by a treaty, it will undoubtedly have a rapid recovery. The progress already made is impressive. Of course the disproportion between prices and wages is as distressing as in other parts of Europe. A government official earns from 700 to 1,000 schillings a month, a meal costs 10 schillings, a suit of clothes 1,500 schillings, and an apartment in the center of Vienna 30,000 schillings a year. Workers have things no better. But the currency reform has been a success. And the theater and literature are flourishing, not only in Vienna but in the provinces; Graz has three excellent theaters, and the small city of Innsbruck has two. I receive many magazines and books which prove the quality of Austria's literary activity.

A political problem will face the Austrian democracy the day the treaty is signed and the occupation is over. The Socialist Party feels very sure of itself and expects to gain seats in the next elections. It is opposed, on the left, only by the Communists, who are still a weak party, having received but 5.4 per cent of the votes in 1945, and the Progressive Socialists, led by the former deputy Erwin Scharf, editor of the political weekly *Neue Vorwärts*. The Progressive Socialist Party is still in its infancy; it held its first conference last March 12 and 13 in Vienna. Of the three principal parties—the Volkspartei, the Social Democrats, and the Communists—only the first two are represented in the government. Hopes that the Austrian working class, organized in a strongly leftist Socialist Party, would rise to the level of the heroic struggle of 1934 against fascism have been disappointed. Austrian socialism has followed the same course as Western European socialism and in the context of its fight against communism has moved to the right—and toward the West. Socialist collaboration with the party representing the old vested interests, the Volkspartei, has been achieved at the cost of working-class unity and has benefited only the reactionary forces. Recent revelations about the dealings of Julius Raab, representative of the industrialists in the Volkspartei, with former Nazis may end that collaboration. In any case they prove that Austria needs liberation not only from the occupation forces but from the Hitler spirit that once wrecked its independence.

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Peace Plans for the Atom

BY LEONARD ENGEL

IT LOOKS very much as if David E. Lilienthal were going to rewrite Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper's script. The skyrocket launched by the Iowa Republican has fizzled back to earth. Still more important, the "investigation" of the Atomic Energy Commission has given its chairman a forum he has sought for many months. At last he may be able to get across to the American people the "other side" of our atomic-energy program—the vast research into the peace-time uses of the atom which, in Mr. Lilienthal's words, "the commission has developed and under a great head of steam is still developing." This is more significant news, if we survive to enjoy the future, than any conveyed in the most startling headline concerning the atomic bomb. But it is not the stuff of which news stories are ordinarily made. And in addition it is disturbing to many vested interests. For these reasons the commission's peaceful activities have not often made the front pages. Now they probably will, thanks to Senator Hickenlooper—and, of course, the forces behind him.

A good part of the story is already available if you know where to look for it. It may be stealing Mr. Lilienthal's thunder, but here is a digest of the sort of report he can be expected to make on the problems that faced the AEC in developing a peaceful research program, how it met them, and where it is going from here.

During its first two years the AEC relegated research into the atom's peace-time uses to second place. The plants inherited from the Manhattan District had been built with war-time haste and were in poor physical condition; at one time the Hanford plutonium piles nearly broke down as a result of poisoning by fission by-products. The commission therefore saw the rehabilitation of the Hanford, Oak Ridge, and Los Alamos units as its first duty. It found itself, moreover, without facilities or staff for peace-time research. The power project unveiled by the Manhattan District a few weeks before it passed out of the picture was a wholly impractical scheme, launched, I suspect, for publicity purposes. By the end of last year, however, the rehabilitation of the production plants was substantially complete, and the essential preliminaries had been attended to. A number of large, elaborately equipped laboratories had been built, able scientists lined up for the laboratory staffs and outside projects, and a variety of training programs organized to spread new research techniques. The large-scale manufacture and distribution of "tracer" isotopes was then begun, and plans were drawn for a genuine attack on atomic power.

For the year beginning in July the AEC has budgeted $120,000,000 for an ambitious power program, and it plans to spend even more in succeeding years. Of four new atomic piles to be built, three will generate power, one on a commercial scale. The first and smallest, already under construction at the Argonne laboratory near Chicago and scheduled for completion in 1951, will be a complete power plant, set up for testing separate power-plant components. The second, whose foundations are now being laid at a site near Schenectady, New York, and which is to be in operation by 1952, will be a demonstration commercial central-station power plant. Third on the program is a dry-land prototype of an atomic engine for ships, due to be finished in 1954. The fourth pile, to be built at a new test station in southern Idaho, is to generate the most intensive radioactivity ever known, to test materials for greater power plants to come.

Two years ago the prospects for early development of atomic power were generally thought to be poor. Presumably well-informed persons spoke of the scarcity of atomic fuel and the difficulty of designing complex machinery that would stand up under the storm of radiation inside the pile. Whether or not these difficulties were as formidable as they were described, they are being overcome quite rapidly. A recent report on atomic energy in *Business Week* makes the prediction that most large power plants built in the United States after 1960 will be atomic plants.

It is more difficult to evaluate AEC research in pure science and medicine; progress in these fields is not marked by the erection of big plants. The AEC scientific and medical program, however, is visibly gaining momentum. Nearly sixty universities are collaborating in the operation of AEC laboratories, and scores more house smaller projects. Altogether several thousand researchers are supported or aided in some way by the commission. They are already beginning to get results. The outstanding accomplishment in physics last year, the production of artificial mesons (subatomic particles originally discovered in cosmic-ray debris), was carried out with an AEC machine by AEC-paid scientists. In medicine "tracer" isotopes supplied by the commission are coming into general use for mapping brain tumors, treating thyroid cancer, and charting the blood vessels in diseases like diabetic gangrene. In chemistry it was an AEC lab that discovered the strange "hot-atom" oxi-

LEONARD ENGEL is a writer on science who has paid special attention to atomic research.

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dation reaction, a chemical reaction utterly unlike any known which opens up endless possibilities.

What makes the progress achieved all the more impressive is the fact that the commission has had one hand tied behind its back from the beginning. The Atomic Energy Act, which gives the AEC the central responsibility for ushering in the Atomic Age, also imposes such strict secrecy that only a fifth of the projects completed so far have been cleared for publication, and sets up such rigid personnel-clearance requirements that many of the able men who were engaged on the bomb during the war are unwilling to return to atomic-energy work. The attacks on the commission are bound to increase their reluctance to work for the AEC or for any of the other government agencies which, owing to the mounting cost of research, are playing a more and more important role in American science. The loser here is not merely the individual scientist who is deprived of his government pay check. It is a public deprived of the fruits of unfettered research.

The Heart of France

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Issoudun, France, May

THE trains in France are excellent today. Not only are the third-class carriages clean and modern, but, as distinct from Italy, where third-class carriages are found only on slow trains, you can travel third in France on the fastest trains and without any extra charge. Through the Beauce, past Orléans, the afternoon train takes you in three hours from the Gare d'Austerlitz right into the heart of France, beyond the Loire. Issoudun is almost the geographical center of France. It is off the beaten track. Bourges is to the east, the Touraine to the west. The country is flat, and no one makes much money out of tourists, either French or foreign. There are only three hotels—with *confort* that is far from *moderne*—in this town of 14,000; and all three are near the station, the only distinction of which is a huge grain elevator. For this is the Berry, a country rich in wheat.

A few minutes' walk from the station is the market square, with a tower left over from a medieval castle on one side and an old church, rebuilt in 1880, on the other. All round the square are cafes and shops: clothing shops, three shops which sell watches and jewelry and shotguns and fishing tackle—good fishing and good shooting everywhere in these parts—butcher shops with huge carcasses suspended from hooks, and no bother about ration cards—as much *biftek* at 350 francs a kilo as you wish, and can afford; and I counted at least eight or nine *patisseries* on or near the market square, all with a steady flow of business during the week and the usual Saturday boom, when four times as many cakes and brioches and babas-au-rhum and mille-feuilles and what not are sold as on ordinary days. For Saturday is market day, and the farmers from the neighborhood come to town in their cars—I say cars, *not* carts—to do business.

I talked with Père Lefèvre who runs the Café de la Gare. "Before the other war," meaning 1914, he grumbled, "the *foire* on Saturdays was something really worth seeing. Thousands of sacks of grain were piled up in the market square and sold there and then; farmers came in their carts and horse carriages from far away and naturally stayed two nights at Issoudun. There were ten hotels in those days. Now they dash to town in their cars in the afternoon and are off again by night. The grain goes straight to the elevator or the mill, and all the big business in grain and straw is done on paper. You should have seen the horse fairs we used to have here, even not so long before this last war. But now it's all machines, tractors."

Peaceful, dreamy Issoudun! "After all, we didn't suffer too much here." I heard this admission from old Lefèvre and dozens of others. The town just missed being occupied by the Germans, being just inside Vichy France. "Later, it is true, the Germans came, but apart from commandeering for the Wehrmacht all the blankets they could lay their hands on and shooting ten of those poor Resistance boys in the market place the day before they quit in '44, they weren't much trouble. And both during the war and since—let's face it—the farmers have got richer and richer and richer. You have to see things as they are—there was a lot to be said, in our part of the world, for the black market. For look at the results. Our agriculture has been modernized; tractors and more tractors, mostly American—they are better and cheaper than the French—have taken the place of horses. The black market would perhaps have been wicked if our peasants had squandered the money on drink and women, but they bought new equipment, improved their methods of cultivation; they really rendered France a great service."

This is a region of large farms—300, 400, 500, even 800 hectares (a hectare is about 2½ acres). "Wheat and barley are raised mostly, and during the war we also grew mustard for oil, since we couldn't get our *arachide*

ALEXANDER WERTH, formerly The Nation's *correspondent in Eastern Europe, is now in France. He has been covering the meeting of the four Foreign Ministers at Paris.*

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from Africa. Absentee landlords? No such thing in the Berry country. You find them in Brittany but not here. Farmers are farmers and don't pretend to be gentlemen. Farm labor is mostly foreign: Poles who have been here since before the war, German prisoners now in free employment, quite a number of Spaniards, and even some Portuguese. The Spaniards, driven by hunger, keep filtering across the frontier; all the way from here to the Pyrenees you find Spanish farm laborers who have come in 'illegally.' The local authorities fix them up as best they can, for we are glad to have them; they are good workers."

"And cheap?" I asked. "Well, no, because they practically all join some agricultural trade union. These unions are not very powerful, but in the main certain standards now prevail for wages, food, and housing; in the last few years there has been a particularly notable improvement in the housing of farm laborers. The degrading system of the laborer waiting in the market place to be 'bought' by the farmer has been more or less eliminated."

ISSOUDUN used to have a Communist mayor, but in the opinion of the farmers and shopkeepers he wasn't any good. All the time he was mayor, he had only one road built, and he spent too much time worrying about politics. In the last election for the *Conseil général* the moderates received 1,464 votes, the Communists 1,080, and the Socialists 369. In the first round the Gaullists got some 250 votes, but nearly all these went to the moderates in the second round. Now Issoudun has a moderate mayor, a lawyer named Caillaud, "*et tout le monde est content.*"

Still, I wondered, where did all those Communist votes come from, in the *Conseil général* and the recent municipal election? Well, there were the farm laborers, the French ones of course, and the railwaymen, and the low-paid employees, and, above all, the industrial proletariat of Issoudun. In the narrow, smelly back streets of Issoudun, stinking of drains and tanneries, are numerous little leather-goods factories, turning out handbags, pocket-books, and other bits of *maroquinerie*; about half these little factories sprang up during the black-market boom and are now closing down, and even the more firmly established concerns are working short hours. Wages are low, some skilled workers making only 10,000 francs a month, and there is a good deal of unemployment. Since the war a modern shirt factory has also been set up—conveyor belt and all—but here too wages are low and the market is showing signs of shrinking. And, of course, America doesn't want to import shirts and pocket-books from Issoudun. The have-nots vote and will continue to vote Communist in France. Instinctively, they prefer their vague conception of Russia to their equally vague conception of America.

In general, however, this part of France is moderate, center. "A little left of center. We are not reactionary. We have hardly any Gaullists round here, non, Monsieur!"

The outside world is strangely remote—America and Russia are equally so to most people. They remember 1940, when thousands and thousands of cars fled through these parts from Paris. "*C'était la pagaie!* Except for a few battalions here and there the army was non-existent. The British had deserted us at Dunkirk. We were all sure England would be invaded in September. There was nothing else Pétain could do. The old man was really quite right."

And one day I heard a school teacher, a youngish man, remark: "Life must go on. You can't have forty million people in the *maquis*." He added: "We saved all that could have been saved from the débâcle of 1940. We live, we eat, we are not too unhappy; we go to christenings and weddings and funerals, and twice a week we go to see American films—*c'est brutal, l'Amérique, c'est pas comme nous*—still, one passes an evening looking at the stuff. My father was wounded in the First World War, and before that he fought with Lyautey in Morocco. We were all frightfully proud of him when we were kids. That sort of thing doesn't amuse us any longer."

Then he said: "Pacifism—what is it? The height of folly or the depth of wisdom? You may well ask: Are we French going to fight in all seriousness in the next war? I can't tell you; it depends on so many things. The real tragedy is that it is not for us French to decide whether or not there is going to be another war. We have no say in the matter. And that is perhaps why we are more profoundly anti-war than we have ever been in all our history. We are not degenerates. We work hard. In the last war we let the others do the fighting, but didn't others make us do most of the fighting in 1914-18?"

The French in these parts have many children, and when they talk about their children they often say that they want them to work hard and study well and never mind about the glory of Verdun. A typical Communist leaflet stuck on walls at Issoudun says: "The war in Viet-Nam costs us 300,000,000 francs a day. With that money we could build 200 four-room houses at Issoudun." The present government will not pull out of Viet-Nam any more than the English will pull out of Malaya, but the overseas territories to which the French are really attached are in Africa. And so the war in Indo-China is profoundly distasteful to everyone—only it is so far away nobody thinks very much about it.

Instead, "We were very worried about the drought, Monsieur, but it has been raining for two days now in the Indre and the Cher and the Nièvre. The wheat will be fine, nearly as fine as last year."

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SO THEY SAID

BY TIM TAYLOR

MAGAZINE promotion men, whatever their politics, are probably pleased when they are informed that coming issues of their periodicals will carry anti-F. D. R. articles, for they know from experience that such articles receive an inordinate amount of attention from the daily press. A pro-F. D. R. article, on the other hand, yields but a smattering of clippings to pile on the editor's desk. One may assume, therefore, that the promotion chief of *Look* was not overjoyed when he learned the June 21 issue was to carry an account of the Yalta conference praising Roosevelt's part in it.

Four months ago *Look* published an article called The Truth About F. D. R.'s Health, by Dr. Karl C. Wold, which was roundly denounced by members of the Roosevelt family, the late President's personal physician, and others, but was greeted enthusiastically by most of the press. The new article, What F. D. R. and Stalin Really Did at Yalta, by former Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., was virtually ignored by eight of the nine New York dailies. Stettinius said:

> The record of the Yalta conference clearly reveals that the Soviet Union made greater concessions to the United States and Great Britain than it won from them. The agreements reached . . . were, on the whole, a diplomatic triumph for the United States and Britain.
>
> The attacks on the Yalta conference, excluding those which seem to be motivated by a blind hatred of Franklin D. Roosevelt, are really the result of bitter disappointments over what happened afterward. Difficulties developed, not from the agreements reached at Yalta, but from the failure of the Soviet Union to honor these agreements.
>
> Yalta was an honest effort on the part of Great Britain and the United States to determine whether or not long-range collaboration with the Soviet Union could be attained.

The *Compass* devoted about ten inches across the bottom of page two to the Stettinius story, topping it with a tall three-column head, "Stettinius Says Russia Gave More Than She Got at Yalta." Come to think of it, that headline may have been slanted, too.

ELIZABETH BENTLEY grabbed more publicity for herself when she testified she had informed her Russian bosses about the 1942 Doolittle raid on Tokyo before this top-secret mission was carried out. She was tipped off "a week or so ahead of time" by William L. Ullman, "then in the army air force," she told the McCarran subcommitttee of the Senate Judiciary Committee.

The New York *Post Home News* and I. F. Stone of the *Compass* did some checking and discovered that at the time of the raid Ullman was not a member of the air force but a minor employee of the Treasury Department and hardly in a position to know of the mission. The *Post Home News* and Stone may rate no extraordinary praise for their efforts—checking all angles is one of the basic laws of newsgathering—but the other newspapers should certainly have done as much.

READERS of Westbrook Pegler's column in the New York *Journal-American* on June 7 must have rubbed their eyes in disbelief until they saw that it had been turned over, for the first time in its existence, to a guest columnist, the Reverend William J. Smith, S. J., director of the Crown Heights School of Catholic Workmen.

A paragraph near the top, printed in bold face, said:

> Long ago . . . [Pegler] lost sight of the forest for the trees, and the end result has been the formation of an anti-union mentality among a vast multitude of the reading public. Refusing to assent to this narrow, one-sided, isolated viewpoint. . . is not a moral short cut. It is a dictate of right reason.

Father Smith declared that unions are beneficial and necessary, that nine out of ten Pegler readers are unwittingly anti-union, and that corrupt labor leaders have their counterparts in management and financial circles. At one point, however, he made this observation:

> To defend the trade-union movement, in spite of certain parasites masquerading as labor leaders, is no more an approval of the racketeers than the defense of freedom of the press is an approval of a journalist who pillories an honest man unto death by character assassination.

If you'll give that "journalist" a name, Father Smith, it probably could be arranged to get you equal billing with Pegler in a libel action now awaiting a court date.

Father Smith became a guest columnist only a short time after Pegler had assailed the church for condoning gangsterism in the trade-union movement.

Coming Soon

An Important Series of Articles

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

Professor Laski, one of the keenest observers of American life and institutions, recently visited this country to lecture in various universities under the auspices of the Hillman Foundation.

From what he heard and saw during that trip he has made an up-to-the-minute appraisal of the state of this nation. A candid, painfully revealing analysis, in five sections, of freedom in the colleges, labor and the old parties, American foreign policy.

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Essays and Asides

WHAT'S WRONG WITH UNESCO?

BY STEPHEN SPENDER

AT THE end of the war a commission was set up under the United Nations to inquire into methods for increasing international cooperation in education, science, and culture. The result of the findings of this commission was the establishment of UNESCO.

The secretariat of UNESCO occupies a large building, formerly the Hotel Majestic in Paris. There a staff divided into sections for science, culture, and education and again into numerous subsections carries out a program which it has itself devised and submitted to a general conference of representatives of member nations held annually in some capital of the world. Actually an enormous part of the time and energies of the UNESCO secretariat and much of its budget are devoted to preparing this program and organizing the conference. And as the general conference seems extremely unwilling to enlarge the budget until some striking results have been produced, UNESCO is likely to be occupied indefinitely with preparing general conferences to discuss projects which it scarcely has the means to carry out.

It would perhaps be unfair to say that UNESCO has achieved and will achieve very little. However, one may suggest that as it is constituted it labors under certain disadvantages which doom it to be disappointing. One disadvantage surely is the enormous pretensions of the aim and title—the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization—which inevitably lead people to think of a center of international exchange through which all educational, cultural, and scientific relations of the member nations shall pass, and to expect spectacular results of international cooperation. It is inevitable that any results obtainable in present conditions, when they come out of this huge mountain, appear to be mice.

Another disadvantage is that for a distinguished scientist, scholar, or educator to work in UNESCO means that he is taken away from his laboratory, his library, or his classroom and set down where he deals with nothing concrete but only with correspondence with international commissions or with museums, libraries, and laboratories at a distance. This is extremely discouraging for intellectual workers, who need to feel the presence of books, schoolchildren, orchestras, paintings, test-tubes, and the like. A consequence of this disadvantage is that people who are occupied with concrete tasks have little confidence in that living abstraction which is UNESCO. A museum director who wishes to get in touch with foreign museums would rather communicate with another museum director than with someone who has been taken away from his museum and put into the secretariat of UNESCO. Still less does the leader or manager of an orchestra wish to deal with the section of UNESCO which is concerned with music.

If UNESCO fails, we shall be told that a great blow has been struck against cooperation in the intellectual life of the world. But is it not possible that the mistake is to assume that an international bureaucracy is the best means of obtaining intellectual cooperation? May not our thinking at the present stage of world development be rather crude when we imagine that all international relations have to be arranged through vast, centralized international organizations? Is it not perhaps an error to think that activities which are called scientific, educational, and cultural can be tied together in one bundle, treated as one problem, just because they happen all to be activities which are called "intellectual" ? In real life—that is to say, outside the minds of international planners—does organizing an expedition of scientists to explore the Amazonian forest belt have enough in common with arranging an exchange between orchestras in Prague and Paris to justify putting such activities together in one world organization in one building? People who have actually worked in the secretariat of UNESCO find that one of its most disconcerting features is the lack of contact or relationship between its various activities.

UNESCO is certainly engaged in a very important task, and I do not want to add to its difficulties. But the task is more important than UNESCO, and my purpose here is to suggest that perhaps the problem of international cooperation might be solved in some better way.

The most important consideration to remember is that intellectual cooperation means cooperation in a great many separate activities. There is no reason whatever why cooperation should not go ahead in one activity and lag behind in another. This means that if instead of thinking of intellectual world cooperation we thought of cooperation in a hundred different fields, we could perhaps begin on some things and put aside the others, instead of erecting a structure which is supposed to cover everything and then finding it can do very little. We might begin, not with a world organization, but with world organization of a few particular activities not necessarily related to each other. Instead of beginning with a large building in Paris we could begin in a library or a school or a laboratory, or in some of these, without trying to bundle them together. For example, money could be allotted to the British Museum, say, so that it could organize and run a small office concerned with improving international relations between libraries. It should also be possible to start international cooperation from laboratories, schools, art galleries, and so on, where people were closely connected with the real conditions of such intellectual work and not taken away and installed in a large bureaucracy.

These nuclei should certainly be con-

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nected with a center. This might well be a semi-permanent commission of experts who met from time to time to study the results of the work undertaken from these nuclei, to consider projects, and to estimate the program and budget required for the succeeding year's work. The commission should also study ways and means by which international cooperation could be extended. It should bear in mind, it seems to me, that international cooperation should not mean selecting one place for a huge international center but trying to create a great many centers in a great many places. For example, most nations today have cultural attachés in their embassies. These gentlemen seem to be occupied with doing cultural propaganda for their own countries; they are a kind of culture salesmen. But why should they not also propagate international cooperation? Why should they not organize international exhibitions and meetings, as well as those exhibitions of British art, French fine books, paintings by Turkish children, and so on, with which we have become familiar?

If international nuclei were established in different countries, it would not be necessary to go to the enormous expense every year of an international conference in a different capital of the world in order to impress on populations the universality of UNESCO. Representatives of the different centers and projects would only have to meet and report to the commission once a year, or oftener if called on to do so, at the United Nations headquarters.

Possibly, in our international organization of what will one day be a world state we are living through the age of prehistoric, top-heavy monsters, when what we need is many small, efficient, and widely distributed organisms.

[*Next week: Wanted—the Whole Film Package, by Parker Tyler.*]

Emerson's Life Chronicle

THE LIFE OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By Ralph L. Rusk. Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.

UTILIZING a mass of material only sparingly drawn on by earlier biographers, Professor Rusk has constructed a huge year-by-year chronicle of Emerson's life. "The very plenitude of authentic records," he says in his introduction, "promised to make realizable, this time, the biographer's dream of re-creating an entire man." By keeping to the "role of disinterested observer" he has attempted "to let Emerson and his contemporaries speak for themselves and act as they did in real life, without much regard for our preconceived notions of them." The result of this method, as Professor Rusk applies it, is not a happy one, particularly for a figure whose life was as uneventful and essentially inward as Emerson's, and who demands from a biographer nothing if not a personal response. It would be unjust to cite the list of merchandise—112 items by my count—which William Emerson might have seen if he had walked on the Boston waterfront on May 25, 1803, or the two-page muster, compiled from entries in his daughter's journal, of names of persons whom Emerson himself indubitably did meet on his trip to England in 1872—it would be unjust to cite such cataloguing as typical of Professor Rusk's manner of letting the records speak for themselves, but it would not be flagrantly so.

Professor Rusk is not altogether the victim of his own passion for exhaustiveness in minutiae. The members of the Emerson family come into focus as portraits with some degree of sharpness: Father William Emerson, irrepressible Aunt Mary Moody Emerson, Lidian Jackson (Emerson's second wife), daughter Ellen. We get, too, a distinct-enough impression of Emerson's activities as teacher, school committeeman, lecturer, traveler, gentleman farmer. But all this comes to us as a collection of Americana, a systematic heaping up of detail for its own sake, and if some transaction of spirit has taken place between the man himself and his biographer it is well hidden under the "plenitude of authentic records." A recent writer has buried the town of Concord in an avalanche of the *faits divers* of its history; in this volume Professor Rusk has pretty much succeeded in doing the same thing for its most famous citizen.

This is not to gainsay the very real merit of Professor Rusk's book, which is to have made available under one cover all of Emerson except Emerson as man, thinker, or writer.

HOWARD DOUGHTY, JR.

How to Meet Our Problems

DAY OF JUDGMENT. By David Cushman Coyle. Harper and Brothers. $3.

THIS book's greatest virtues are an easy style and an intelligent, urbane approach to the world's most pressing problems in politics, economics, and human relations. Its greatest weakness is dispersion over so many fields that no single point carries a decisive impact. But Mr. Coyle is not trying to blueprint solutions of the world's problems; he is trying to tell people how they must live and think if there is to be any hope of solving their problems. He also warns against easy answers, and in that he is perhaps most effective.

The chapter on the two-party system as it exists in the United States typifies the sound logic which pervades the book. The author is as impatient with those who would like to see third, fourth, and fifth parties as with those who think that the two parties should be divided sharply between left and right. He says:

> The chief foundation stone of democracy is the power to change rulers at will, and that power is lost if the people cannot change the party in power without also swinging far to the right or left. The difference in policy between the major parties must be small and must be registered mainly in the type of candidates they offer, so that a change will not be so revolutionary as to involve a civil war. . . . In two words, the proper kind of parties are Tweedledum and Tweedledee, who agree to have a battle after due precautions to make sure neither one will be fatally cut up.

Acceptance of this doctrine may be difficult for the many liberals who have thought just the contrary in recent years, but it is increasingly apparent that only through this doctrine can democracy survive. If the cleavage between the two major parties ever becomes so great that the party in power will not surrender control to the other without violence, then democracy is finished. And as Mr. Coyle says, that is just the situation which totalitarians of both right and left would like to see.

At the same time Mr. Coyle's middle road is if anything a bit to the left of both New Deal and Fair Deal. He recognizes that the hope for freedom must lie in a steady improvement of the standard of living throughout the world,

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and there are not too many shibboleths of political or economic thought which he would allow to stand in the way. In the United States we are so rich that we can afford to sacrifice some productive efficiency for the sake of individual liberty; in most of the rest of the world, outside Western Europe and Canada, higher living standards must come before there can be any real democracy. But the goal is always freedom.

Even freedom has its limitations.

> The fact is that the right to do as you please, which our ancestors cherished, makes sense only so long as you are not important and no one cares much what you please to do. . . . We the people are under no moral obligation to grant the rights of ordinary folk to any man who is big enough to crush us, whether he controls a business, a labor union, or a government. The big cannot be free.

This, like many other ideas in the book, is strong medicine, and contrary to many deeply rooted habits in American thought. Yet it is really no more than a logical application of the best American traditions of freedom to the actual conditions of today. A continuing revaluation of traditional beliefs in the light of a changing world is, in fact, Mr. Coyle's prescription for the future. He offers no panacea but rather sets us the tough job of trying to preserve basic human values and at the same time finding a fresh and unprejudiced approach to each new situation.

The question is whether enough people will have the moral courage to keep on changing their minds as conditions change. The author remarks that the desire for order is strong in nature—ants and bees have almost perfectly totalitarian civilizations. "Neither peace nor prosperity will save us unless we seek first after liberty and good-will. The good intentions with which hell is paved are those of people who will not face each question on the level where it is."

CHARLES E. NOYES

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"Christian Conservatism"

PROTESTANT CHURCHES AND INDUSTRIAL AMERICA. By Henry F. May. Harper and Brothers, $3.50.

THE term "Social Gospel" has come to signify the shrill cry for economic righteousness—Walter Rauschenbusch was its great prophet—that was rising so gallantly but, as it now appears, so innocently from a number of Protestant pulpits around 1910 and was all but stifled by 1918. Whatever its shortcomings, seen in the light of a more realistic economics and a more disillusioned theology, the movement is important in the history of the American mind as signalizing the first public recognition by solid, pious, churchgoing Americans that there was anything amiss in the American way of life.

Henry May's book is a study of the period prior to the full-fledged Social Gospel. It is a recreation of the spectrum of Protestant opinions—or more properly, attitudes—concerning society between the Civil War and 1900. Based on a vast reading of the literature of five major denominations—the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, and Episcopalian—it is a taxonomic analysis of Protestant thought through four decades, reading from the right toward the left. Since only at the close of this period was there any left worth speaking of, the book is inevitably an exposition of how fearfully and tragically Protestant groups of the nineteenth century succeeded in identifying Christianity with laissez faire, the justice of God with the accumulation of riches, sin with unemployment, and innate depravity with labor unions.

It is I who insert "fearfully and tragically." May maintains without flinching the impersonality of the social historian, and gives fact as fact. He allows full play to those troubled consciences which, especially after the Haymarket riot and the Pullman strike, could no longer behold in their society the self-sufficient operations of the Golden Rule. His accounts of Gladden, Bishop Huntington, J. O. S. Huntington, Herbert Casson, and George D. Herron are the more dramatic episodes. I suspect that among this array of convictions there are deeper explanations, especially as to what subterranean streams of Christian tradition these nascent radicals drew upon, but May keeps to the solid ground of objective reporting. Hence he insists from the beginning, and still at the end of his period, that "it would be easy to underestimate the continuing strength of Christian conservatism." As Henry Ward Beecher, the divinely appointed spokesman for the divine average, succinctly put it, "no man in this land suffers from poverty unless it be more than his fault—unless it be his *sin*." And oddly enough, in the period when Protestant theology was everywhere steadily becoming "liberal," there can be established no direct relation between this theology and "progressive social thought."

Furthermore, speaking as a historian and not as a judge, May points out that even what had taken shape by 1900 as the Social Gospel was incurably optimistic, theologically shallow, and economically oversimplified. He documents the moving fact that despite the efforts of devoted clerics, leaders of the labor movement refused to recognize that they had friends in the pulpit, and distrusted the do-gooders. Gompers rated nonbelievers and Catholics ahead of all Protestants in terms of their usefulness to labor.

May's book fills out therefore what one might well assume in advance, that in this predominantly Protestant country of about 1870 the churches became guardians of the status quo, and that only scattered individuals, under the shock of factories, slums, and class violence, awoke to the notion that Christianity is not synonymous with cutthroat competition and sweatshops. Yet however one might anticipate precisely these findings, one cannot help being instructed anew by realizing the range of the discussion, the earnestness of the pioneers, the uneasiness of the defenders, and the glacial slowness of the process. In the objectivity and inclusiveness of May's account the student of America, past and present, will find a comprehensive chapter, without a knowledge of which he can hardly begin to understand his subject.

PERRY MILLER

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Lessons of the Master

THE JOURNALS OF ANDRE GIDE. Volume III: 1928-1939. Translated and Annotated by Justin O'Brien. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

THIS third volume of the "Journals," though it is the record of twelve relatively unproductive years, is no less interesting to the general reader than its more fitful and tormented predecessors. It is less interesting to the critic of Gide's fiction and drama, to be sure; these years gave only one important work apart from the "Journal" itself—the bare and subtle "Oedipe." Year after year Gide added instead a few dead pages to the lamentable "Geneviève," or published journalism and fragments.

This third volume is also less interesting to the psychologist following a "case" of schizoid anxiety minutely and ruthlessly exposed. For there is no longer much of a case. The great personal drama of guilt, confession, and punishment is over, and the conflicts are largely intellectual. There are somber moments—the Moscow trials, the disillusioning trip to Russia, the Munich crisis, the death of his wife. But these are the trials of our common humanity. There still remain some few moments of impulsive revolt and of puritanic withdrawal, some compulsive African voyages and compulsive self-punishments (pages 289-301), longings still to dissolve the troubled and weary self. Relative to the earlier struggles, however, relative to Gide, this is a calm, sensible, socially conscious, and declining old age. We must respect Gide's own judgment that preoccupation with the "social question" in these years was a brief and crippling interlude. For the unregenerate demoralizer of eighty is a greater writer than the generous liberal of sixty-five; the "Thésée" of 1946 represents an astonishing creative recovery.

The great drama of these years, creating the only real problem for the biographer, is that of the Communist *villégiature*. The philospher of noncommittal individualism had committed himself twice before—to the Dreyfusards, and to the Action Française in the darkest year of the first war. In 1906 and again in 1916 he had also come perilously close to the church. But these were largely the impulsions of a guilty self seeking new ways of annihilation, and of a lonely self seeking the comforts of the group. It would be possible to argue that the commitment to communism was still another act of self-mutilating but comforting integration, ultimately to be traced to the guilt feelings from an onanism continued well into middle age and, to a lesser degree, from the homosexuality. But Gidean communism, as perverse and valuable as Gidean Christianity, had other sources than this. The merely sexual anxieties were largely settled by the publication of "Si le grain ne meurt"—a relatively complete statement after so many partial confessions. The sexagenarian of these pages can calmly reconcile his love for his wife and for Elisabeth Van Ryssel-berghe, and his continuing pederast adventures.

First of all, as a source for this most unlikely Communist adventure, was the feeling of class guilt, the intolerable awareness of the rich and privileged man that life is intolerable for all but the very few. Beyond this is the significant disgust of 1928 with the old habits of minute introspection. There was also a continuing hostility to the Catholics so bent on converting him; in communism Gide saw first of all a millennial destruction of the family and the church. And there was finally the honest man's natural reaction to a stupid and exaggerated anti-Soviet propaganda. A Gide might accept the purposes of a Marshall Plan or an Atlantic Pact but would not accept the evasive complacencies by which those tactical instruments are described. A third of a century earlier Gide feared that a regime of Nietzschean individualism might make Nietzschean individual*ists* impossible. Did he really believe, in 1930, that a "standardization of the masses" would give such individualists their better opportunity? At least we can still affirm his faith that a sane individualism and a pluralistic culture will some day be possible within a rationally organized, that is, Socialist, society.

This is, in any event, the kind of question which the Gide of 1928-39 raises. The teacher transcends the artist; the sociologist replaces the Freudian. What, then, is the burden of the famous Gidean influence and "message" as it finally survives? First of all a cautious rather than melodramatic transvaluation of all values, an assurance that selves and institutions must ceaselessly die before others can be born. In this hour of still another call to arms, still another appeal to "responsible" conformity, nothing can be of greater value than Gidean demoralization; Gidean skepticism, immoralism, honesty. Evil, not good, leads to progress, since evil alone can disturb the complacent status quo and jostle easy faith. This is a hard nut to crack. Should one say more comfortably "the acknowledgment of evil"—the acknowledgment that most pur-

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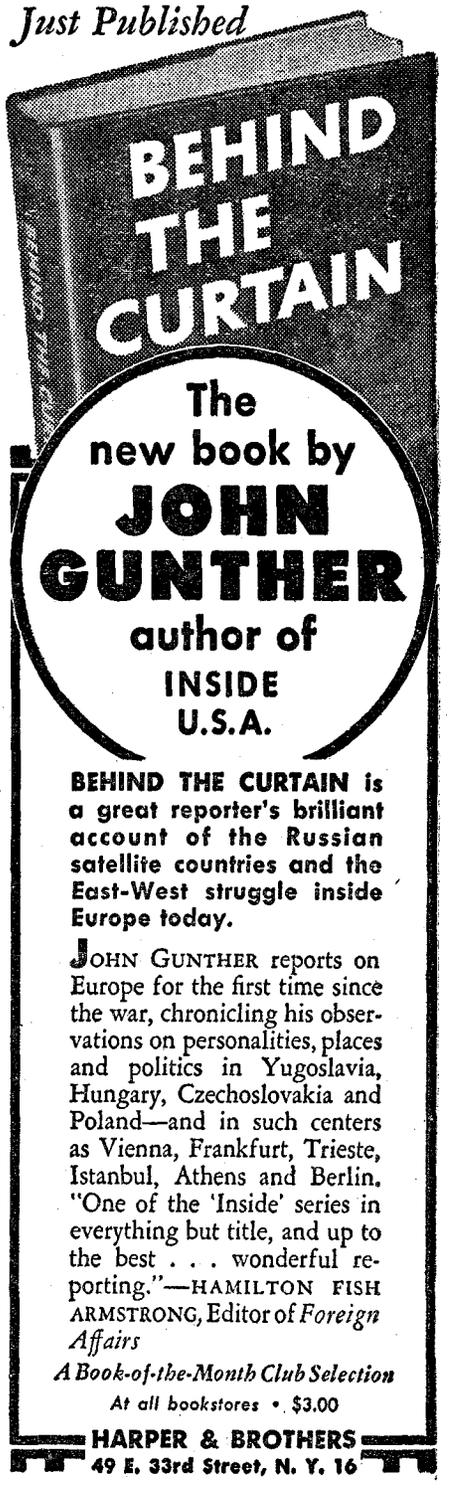

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pose is evil and nearly all history diabolic? Does the honest recognition of one's dubious impulses and intentions merely lead to a crippling negativism? Gide's own enduring faith in man is a partial answer to this second question. *Be not deluded by virtuous declarations, always acknowledge the worst, reconcile the irreconcilable.* These are the lessons of the master. Serenity after much effort and pain may survive the truth. But only through the truth may a genuine serenity be achieved.

ALBERT GUÉRARD, JR.

Books in Brief

HUMAN RELATIONS IN A CHANGING WORLD. By Alexander H. Leighton. Dutton. $4.50. A study of the methods used and the results achieved by the Foreign Morale Analysis Division in determining the morale factor of Japan during the war years. Essentially a book for the specialist but with interesting implications for the future development ofsocial science.

THE CORAL SEA. By Alan Villiers. Whittlesey. $4. An admirable history of one of the most curious and least-known portions of the globe—the waters and islands of the Coral Sea. Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, and English explorers, whalers and missionaries, blackbirders and beachcombers, Japanese and American sailors and airmen, and the extravagantly odd natives—all play a part.

LABOR IN NORWAY. By Walter Galenson. Harvard. $5. A detailed and illuminating study of industrial relations and labor-union techniques in a country that has pioneered in this field and still has much to teach us.

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Films

MANNY FARBER

THE weariest myth of critics tabs Hollywood for the formularized movies and foreign studios for the original ones; actually the worst Hollywood B has more cinematic adrenaline than most English or French movies, and no one is more eclectic than the English director Olivier, reactionary than the Frenchman Pagnol, victimized by easy sensibility than the Italians De Sica and Rossellini. The art of these prize-plastered directors washes like a waterfall over their movies so that you feel common for paying only $1.50 for your ticket to culture; they are more dispiritedly indebted to pre-1935 Hollywood technique than Sturges, Huston, or Korda. The decadence of the French film, dominated by pooped-out aesthetes, is somewhat belied by "Devil in the Flesh," which has almost the weight and fulness of a "Madame Bovary" (more than can be said for the Radiguet novel on which it is based). This film's decadence—its novelistic approach; the smooth, velvet finish of ten-year-old MGM films; time-worn images like fire for passion, raindrops on water for sadness—does not keep it from being the best movie condemned by the Legion of Decency since "Monsieur Verdoux."

The love affair in "Devil in the Flesh"—a restless, bored young wife (Micheline Presle) bed-locked with an unstable charmer (Gérard Philipe) who doesn't yet shave—is a staple as old as the French novel but never realized so well on film. This disastrous affair moves with an inexorable logic the love film hasn't had since psychiatry took over Hollywood; the inexplicable last shot (sky breaking into V-formations of airplanes) is a minor disturbance.

Director Autant Lara creates a tapestry of unemphasized details; density and depth, currently ignored by directors in favor of the one-thread effect, are produced here by some old-fashioned ideas of what makes a beautiful movie. Trying as Griffith did for the serenely articulated image drenched in sentiment, he sinks his actor into a perfectly ordered environment emptied of discord (sunlit scenes glow without heat, rain is soft and warm, family scenes are as unhectic as a Childe Hassam canvas). The impression of profusion comes from the bountiful detailing of each shot and of the central characters; like the treatment of the Chaplin figure, these two roles are loaded with expression and gesture and seen from all sides. The attempt to imbed the story like a pearl in a period (World War I) and a milieu (suburban Paris) results in the use of some banal devices: figures are back-lit with halo-like contours, viewed obliquely behind grillwork, lace curtains, flowers; the last shot of a scene is cemented in time by a lingering camera. But the over-all effect is of being submerged in and idling through a self-contained world.

The solidity of this movie, as of current French films, is partly a gift from the past gods of art. In a Hollywood movie each event is seen for itself, without cultural overtones; events in Lara's movie are unconsciously burdened by the painting, literary, and movie tradition of the preceding century. Both in subject and treatment (boating scene, François's home) this movie recalls Seurat and Manet; the movie would not have been so laden if Proust had not created such a dense atmosphere; with decades of precedent to draw upon, directors like Pagnol, Lara, Clouzot do impeccable funerals and walks through the streets with their eyes shut and both hands behind their backs. The wry treatment of incidental people, waiters, school teachers, mothers, is an old snobbery that should have been given up before it was started. It would be nice to see a French movie free of its academic albatross.

Gérard Philipe, a new, momentous figure in European films, is an original actor, so absolutely the ill-starred creatures he plays—the glum, impudent adulterer in this, an over-sweetened but near-perfect Myshkin in the excellent "The Idiot"—that his performances are

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less magical for being so real. French movie actors (Raimu, Barrault) have tried for an absolute naturalism based on theatrical expression, and the spectacularly gifted Philipe is the $64 end-product of this tradition. The average player presents a threefold personality—the script character, the type he represents in the public mind, and his private-life personality. Philipe presents one whole different character in each movie, no carry-overs. His François—arrogantly sensitive, disaffected, histrionically bad-tempered, a social sneerer but indolently dependent—seems to have walked into the movie from an art-colony garret bringing no acting baggage with him. His performance is as rich a characterization as any in Tolstoi and one bound to amuse people who think of the boudoir hero in terms of physical beauty and bourgeois virtues; François lies, tricks, wilts at the tiniest obstacle, flees, and is generally a whirlwind of unsavory attitudes. Philipe seems to live on the screen rather than perform; he manages to be three-dimensionally in action so that the cubistic effect is of seeing from all sides. Compared with this fresh, realistic performance, the Boyer-Cooper-Stewart lover seems to be built out of the old nuts and bolts of romantic acting.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

THE Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la fée" that Stravinsky recorded for RCA Victor contains only part of this wonderful score; and his arrangement of it for violin and piano that has been recorded for English Decca by Ida Haendel and Ivor Newton (EDA-109, $7.35) leaves out some more. Also, while the arrangement is remarkably effective for a violin-and-piano arrangement, it is not as effective as the original for orchestra. And the clarity and power of Stravinsky's performance of the original—to say nothing of tempos, especially the tempos of the Scherzo—make it preferable to the Haendel-Newton performance; though aside from its too expressive style Miss Haendel's playing is very fine.

Stravinsky's own performance of his Symphony of Psalms with the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony and mixed chorus—issued by Columbia on standard shellac records (MM-814, $4.15) and LP (ML-4129, $4.85, with Stravinsky's recording of his Symphony in Three Movements)—has the hard clarity and force of all his performances, and is more powerful and exciting than Ansermet's in the English Decca set. And the difference is heightened by the cold, hard clarity of the recorded sound of the Stravinsky performance, the diffused warmth and luster of the Ansermet. The sound of the Stravinsky performance is the same on standard and LP; but the Symphony in Three Movements comes off the LP record with a sharp brilliance in the violins which the standard records don't produce.

The performance of Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony by Szell with the Cleveland Orchestra is brutal, its recorded sound strident on both standard records (MM-783, $4.15) and LP (ML-4127, with Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brilliant). And I might report here that the Szell-Cleveland Orchestra performance of Schumann's Fourth, which I discussed recently, comes off the LP record (ML-2040, $3.85) with an unpleasantly booming bass.

Griffes's "The White Peacock" is performed by Stokowski with the New York Philharmonic—with Stokowskian affectation in the shaping of the opening theme and passion in the climaxes. The recorded sound is excellent on both standard (19012-D, $.89) and LP (3-117, $.90).

Eight engaging Hungarian Dances of Brahms are performed with tense exaggerations of rubato, pace, and phrasing by Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony. The recorded sound requires drastic reduction of treble on both standard (MX-309, $3.10) and LP (ML-4116, with Strauss waltzes) and lacks spaciousness on both.

Bach's "Komm, süsser Tod," Handel's "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth," "Dank sei Dir, Herr," and "Ombra mai fú," and Mendelssohn's "Hear Ye, Israel" and "Oh, Rest in the Lord" are sung by Helen Traubel with an orchestra conducted by Charles O'Connell. The singing is an expansive outpouring of lustrous vocal sound for which the shape of the phrase stretches, and with which the orchestra just bumbles along. Even with reduced treble the sound is sharp on standard (MM-807, $6.25), but is good on LP (ML-4117).

Ljuba Welitsch sings *Leise, leise* from "Der Freischütz" with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Susskind. The performance is good and is well reproduced on standard (72777-D, $1.05) and LP (3-102, $.90)—the voice having its usual cold-steel sound on the second side, but more warmth on the first.

Columbia's LP dubbing of its recording of Handel's "Messiah" (SL-51, $14.55) is very fine. Cetra-Soria's dubbing of its recording of Mozart's Requiem (40,001/2, $7.70) is free of the wavering pitch that afflicted the standard records, but produces a dulled sound that recovers liveness only with enormous boosting of treble which brings with it distortion in the climaxes.

CONTRIBUTORS

STEPHEN SPENDER is the author of "The Edge of Being," "Poems of Dedication," and other books.

HOWARD DOUGHTY, JR., is working on a biography of Francis Parkman for the American Men of Letters series.

CHARLES E. NOYES, now in public-relations work in New York, was director of the Civilian Surveys Division of the War Production Board.

PERRY MILLER is the editor of a recent edition of Jonathan Edwards's "Images or Shadows of Divine Things."

ALBERT GUERARD, JR., is assistant professor of English at Harvard.

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Letters to the Editors

Memo for Dr. Malan

Dear Sirs: On the night of January 13 and for five nights afterward the city of Durban, South Africa, was given over to murder, destruction, and pillage, as Zulus swept through the streets in an attack upon the the Indian community. At the end of the third night, after the navy had at last intervened, an end was put to this tragic episode in the already sorry history of violence in South Africa. By then 147 men and women had lost their lives, over 1,000 had been wounded and injured, hundreds of Indian homes and shops had been gutted and looted, and 45,000 men, women, and children of the Indian community were living in refugee camps.

The government and much of the South African press attributed the outburst to African hatred over the alleged profiteering and black-marketing of Indian shopkeepers. This explanation is a little too facile. A number of questions arise:

Why did the Africans attack the Indians as a people instead of limiting their attacks to Indian merchants and shopkeepers, who constitute only 5 per cent of the Indian population of Durban? Why did many Africans—at their own risk, and in some cases at the sacrifice of their lives—conceal terrified Indians from the mob? Why—despite periodic assurances that the situation was "well under control"—were the authorities apparently unable to end these disturbances until three nights of terror had passed?

It was hoped that answers to many of these questions would be revealed before the Commission of Inquiry which the government, perforce, had to appoint.

When the commission met, counsel appeared on behalf of the South African Indian Congress and the African National Congress, which had united for the purpose of presenting a joint case. These two organizations represent the great majority of the 8,000,000 Africans and Indians in South Africa, and in presenting a joint case to the commission they immediately gave the lie to any suggestion that a fundamental antagonism exists between the two racial blocs here. At the same time the hope entertained by these millions of people that their case would be adequately

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presented had to be abandoned when the commissioners refused their counsel the right to cross-examine witnesses whose expressed views were hostile to those of the non-European community.

In support of his application for leave to cross-examine, and in registering his protest at the refusal to allow him to do so, the people's attorney stated that he intended to establish that a section of the European community either passively encouraged or actively incited the violence; that the demoralizing slum conditions in which both Africans and Indians live were, to a considerable extent, at the bottom of the riots; that racial hatred had been propagated for years by the former Smuts government and that it has been continued and aggravated by the present government—not least in the speeches of the Prime Minister and many members of his Cabinet—and that such a policy was a basic cause of the riots; and that the government's action in depriving the Indians in South Africa of family pensions and allowances, of promoting a policy of repatriation, and of stigmatizing them as "foreign elements" inevitably had the effect of leading the African community to believe the Indians could be attacked with impunity.

In consequence of the Commissioner's refusal to allow cross-examination, the aforementioned organizations, as well as the Council for Asiatic Rights, which represents a significant body of liberal European opinion, withdrew from the hearing. Cynics might suggest that the matter is, in any event, of little importance, since any recommendations advantageous to the non-European community would in all probability never be implemented and would find their way into those departmental pigeon-holes reserved for positive recommendations from so many other South African commissions.

V. C. BERRANGER
Chairman, Council for Asiatic Rights

Johannesburg, South Africa, May 15

[Frank W. Lewis's crossword puzzle has been omitted from this issue for reasons of space. It will appear again as usual next week.—EDITORS THE NATION]

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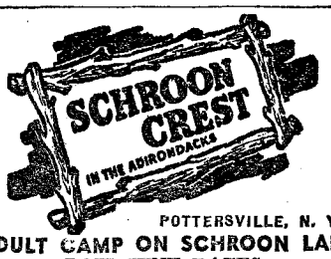

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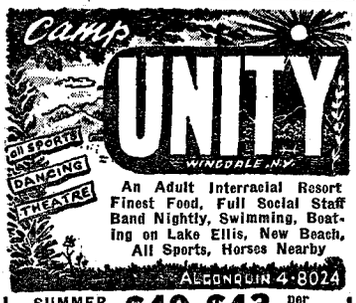

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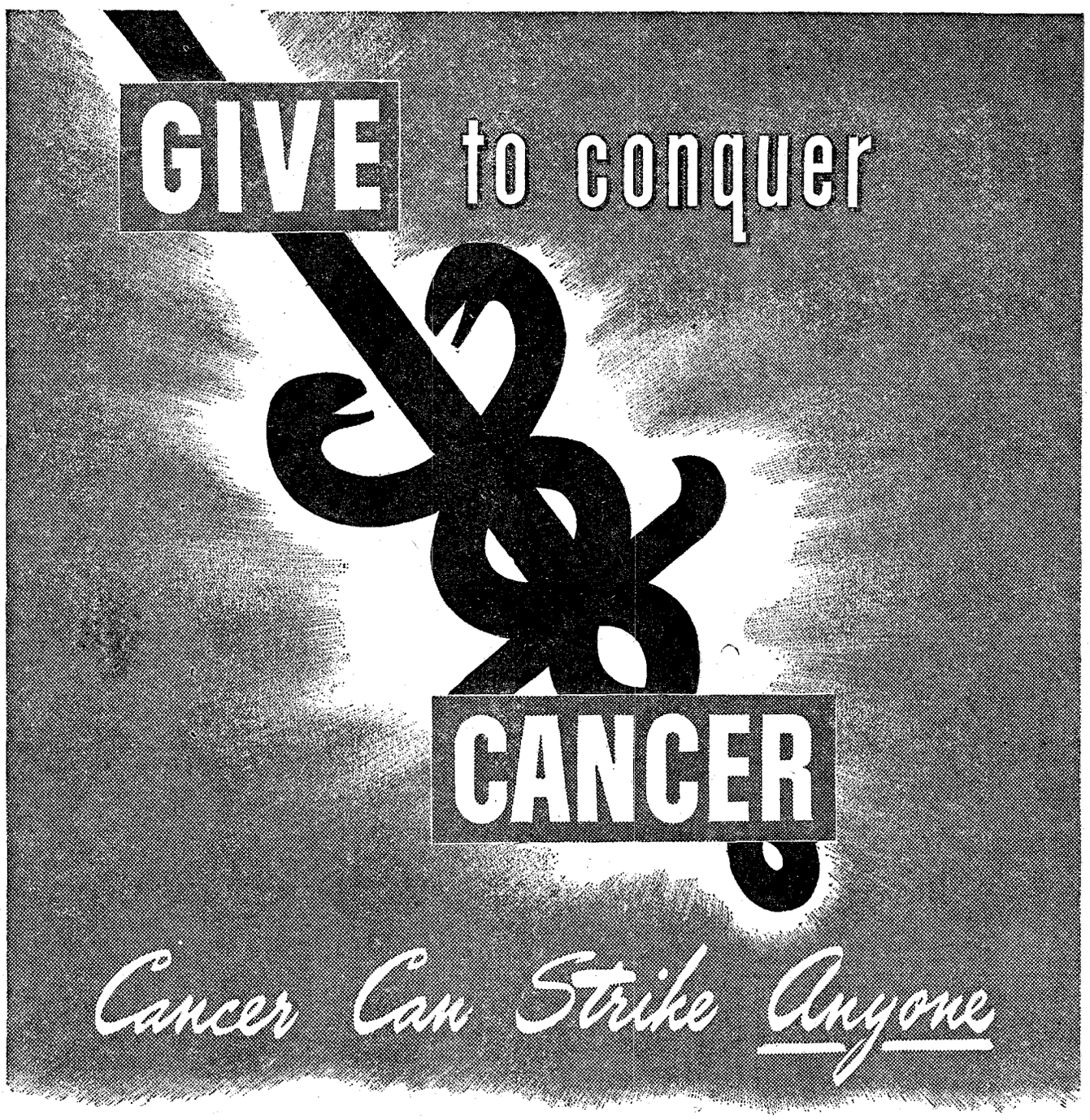

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